"To me it speaks of loveliness,
That passes not with youth,
Of beauty which decay can bless,
Of constancy and truth.

"But in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by,
It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify."

WINTER.

"And, see! green Autumn dies away;
The pallid sire is come;
The plains his shiv'ring rule obey,
And ev'ry wave is dumb!"